

The Liberalist

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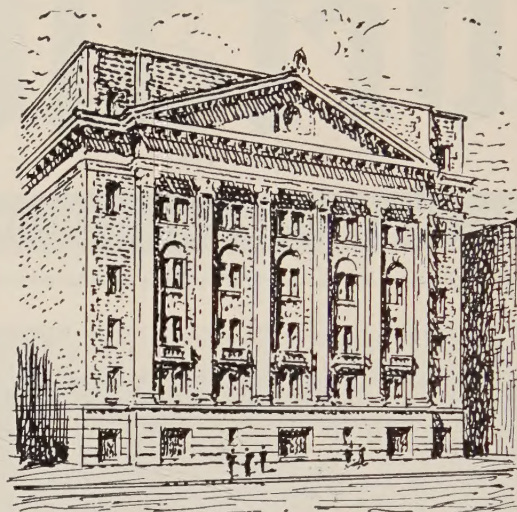


Father, we thank Thee:
For peace within our favored land,
For plenty from Thy bounteous hand,
For means to give to those in need,
For grace to help in thought and deed,
For faith to walk, our hands in Thine,

For truth to know Thy law divine,
For strength to work with voice and pen,
For love to serve our fellow men,
For light the goal ahead to see,
For life to use alone for Thee,
Father, we thank Thee.

Grenville Kleiser

(From "Prayer Poems" O. V. & Helen Armstrong)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—\$1.00

"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"

"Courage For Today"

"Life and You"

"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By **DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

LAST MONTH in my comments I concluded with our Scandinavian visit. Reluctantly we left Denmark for England. When we arrived at the station in Copenhagen, to take the steamer train, we were delighted to see the grand old man of religious liberalism in Scandinavia, Pastor Kierkegaard, at the station. Our last glimpse of him was from our corridor train, as he stood on the station platform, hat in hand, face wreathed in smiles, and a tear in his eye. He is one of the noblest men I have ever known. It is barely possible that our church and our congregation will have the opportunity of meeting him in August. Plans are being made for him to attend the International Congress of Religious Liberals, which will be held here in Chicago in early August.

We sailed from Denmark to Harwich, England, over the North Sea, in a sturdy little ship, comfortable and seaworthy. The North Sea has a reputation for rough weather, but fortunately the sea was calm on most of the voyage. There was a slight roll during the night, but by early morning the sea had gone down and we sailed into the harbor at Harwich at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon on a day of perfect July weather.

England again! The journey from Harwich to London is made in a comfortable train and doesn't take very long. By the time we had tea we were in London. Kipling said London is a man's town and true it is. I am thoroughly convinced after many visits to London that I could be quite content to live in the city of London. In many

respects it is the most dynamic, creative city in the world.

The evening of our arrival we did what we had planned to do before we left America, and that was to see the play "Titus Andronicus," one of Shakespeare's earliest plays. We were fortunate to secure tickets in the Stoll Theatre. The play is literally dripping in murder and blood and horror and is one which had little appeal for us, but it was the cast of players which constituted its main attraction: Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivian Leigh, and Anthony Quayle led a distinguished cast of players. It was an unforgettable experience and will take its place among the many memories of great moments which we have had in the theatre. We were interested to observe that just a few seats from us sat Sir Winston and Lady Churchill. As we left the theatre we noticed the street in front of the theatre was blocked off by a police squadron and was thronged with people. Evidently word had gone out that Sir Winston Churchill was in the audience. He is still the idol of the British public and everywhere he goes there are manifestations of the esteem and admiration which the British people have for him. This I feel is perfectly justified. Had there been no Churchill in 1940 and '41 Hitler would have made the peace in Buckingham Palace. The British people know this. Although he has been repudiated by them at times, they have never forgotten what he did, and it seems to me he will live in history as one of the greatest men of our era. Mrs. Bradley and I stood alongside his car when he and Mrs.

Churchill, with thunderous applause ringing in their ears, walked down the steps of the theatre and entered their car. His face was beaming, he was waving his arms in an expression of appreciation for the spontaneous reception given to him. It was neither the time nor the occasion for me to speak to him, but I was near enough to touch him.

Wednesday and Thursday found us busy visiting not only the old familiar London places, but every time I go to London I find something new of interest. One could spend a lifetime in London without exhausting all of the historic, artistic and literary shrines which the city offers.

We were delighted to have at tea in the Savoy Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Wood who are residents of London, she being the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frazer-Hurst, of Belfast, Ireland, of whom you have often heard me speak. We were very happy to meet Mrs. Wood, who reflected all the graciousness, hospitality and dignity of her distinguished father and mother, whom we have grown to admire so deeply. The opportunity which we have in our travels of meeting people who are a part of the country and the culture which we are visiting is one of great advantage. It is rather pitiful that so many Americans go across the Atlantic and visit strange countries and places but never have an opportunity to go into their homes or to know them personally. One gets an entirely different idea when he gets behind the scenes and forms his opinions, not from fellow Americans in the hotel lobbies, restaurants or trains, but from personal contact and experiences with the people of the country itself. I have been able to do this wherever I have gone.

I never go to London without visit-

ing the headquarters of the Unitarian and Free Christian Churches of Great Britain. These spacious quarters are located at 15 Gordon Square. Essex Hall was formerly headquarters, on Essex Street, Strand, in the heart of the city. The headquarters were completely destroyed by a bomb in World War II. I was delighted to see that the construction of the new Essex Hall is well under way and there will be a fine center of Liberal Christianity once again on the Strand.

On my visit to the headquarters I renewed a warm friendship which I have had for several years with Dr. Mortimer J. Rowe. Dr. Rowe has visited the United States and has spent a lifetime in behalf of Liberal Religion. He has written several books and one, "A Golden Treasury of the Bible," is known throughout the world, in which he has prepared readings from the Old Testament and the Apocrypha and from the New Testament, with designated headings which describe the contents of the chapter. I find this book most valuable and choose selections from it frequently in our own services in the Peoples Church.

Dr. and Mrs. Rowe are the parents of the distinguished actress, Frances Rowe, whom some of you may remember, as she played here in Chicago with Maurice Evans, and while playing in Chicago was a frequent visitor to our church.

Unfortunately for me the Rev. John Kiely, who is the Secretary of the association, was on the Continent and other members of the staff were not present. They are a fine group of men and women and I always enjoy my visits with them.

The name of Gilbert Murray is familiar to all scholars everywhere and particularly to those who are interested in the Greek language and Greek

literature. I have always been interested in Gilbert Murray and made up my mind when I learned of his recent death and burial in Westminster Abbey, that I would visit his resting place. One never goes to London without visiting Westminster Abbey, for it is inexhaustible in interest; but we especially went this time to visit the resting place of the great Gilbert Murray. We were particularly fortunate that our visit coincided with Evensong, which is heard in the late afternoon in Westminster Abbey. June and I really have made it a habit in our visits to the cathedrals of England—and we have seen most of them—to be present at the Evensong. The service is never long, usually about half an hour, but inasmuch as most cathedrals have schools identified with them in which the choirs are trained, one always hears the finest choral music sung by boys and men. There is no sermon, but the service is rich in ancient liturgy and it is always a deepening religious experience to attend. We sat in the stalls for the Westminster service only a step from the altar before which Britain crowns her sovereigns.

Most of our London visits have been blessed with seeing much of our dear friends, the Rev. and Mrs. George Grieve. If you are an automobile driver, you probably will appreciate what it means to drive in a country where the driver's seat is on the right, the gear shift is at the left of the steering wheel and the traffic drives to the left. I have never driven an automobile in my life, but June is an excellent driver—one of the best with whom I have ever driven, and we conceived the idea that it might be something new for us to hire a little British car in London and drive to Southampton, our sailing port, by way of Sidmouth,

Cornwall and Plymouth. This we did. Few times in my life have I been really frightened, but when we left the outskirts of London in the little British "Consul," with our baggage stored in the rear seat, and we went out into the traffic, I wondered if I would ever see Chicago and our beloved church again. The Rev. Mr. Grieve accompanied us, and was a great help in pointing out traffic signals and traffic laws. We left London about 10 o'clock and arrived in Sidmouth, a lovely summer place on the sea in South Devon. We experienced no trouble at all. In an hour or two I could see that June had oriented herself into the condition and was driving with all the mastery and control which she has on a Chicago street. To me it seemed inevitable that there would be one head-on collision after another, but we missed them all. On the way to Sidmouth we stopped at the historic and indescribably beautiful Salisbury Cathedral, which by the way has the tallest spire of any cathedral in all England. We spent considerable time at ancient Stonehenge, which has defied the archeologists and historians for centuries. Great, huge blocks of quarried stone, remnants apparently of an ancient temple of worship, on a high hill overlooking a great sweep of British countryside. I shall never forget Stonehenge because it was at Stonehenge years ago, that I heard my first skylark in a British sky. I listened for the notes of some lonely skylark on this occasion as we stood at Stonehenge but heard none. It was an unforgettable day.

An experience in Salisbury is one which I must tell you about, for it is so different from the stories a lot of Americans tell when they come back from being abroad, about the people not liking us and not understanding us and being critical of us. In all of

our travel this past summer, through Scandinavia and through Britain, we heard not one word of criticism against the United States or its people. On the other hand, the people we met were lavish in their recognition of the help which this country has been to the economic rehabilitation of the rest of the world.

We had lunch in Salisbury and it is a very congested city and we had difficulty finding our way out of it and getting the right road to Sidmouth. We stopped the car and I saw a gentleman getting into a small car just ahead of us. I walked to him and asked him if he would kindly put us on the right road for Sidmouth. He smiled most courteously and said, "Of course. I shall be very happy to do so. It is rather difficult to describe to you the routes to take out of Salisbury, but if you will follow me, I shall be very glad to pilot you to the proper cross-road. I am going part of the way and I shall be very glad to be of service to you." Well, we were delighted at his kindness. As he showed us the way, I said to him, "I should like very much to have your card. We should like to know who you are, because I want to tell the people in America of your kindness." It developed that he was Mr. John Sutton, of 43 Queen Alexandra Road, Salisbury, and was the sidesman of Salisbury Cathedral, and his father had been Mayor of the City of Salisbury.

Dusk found us on the first day of our driving in the lovely port and summer resting place at Sidmouth on the sea. We visited a picturesque and lovely English home—the home of Mrs. Hardman and her daughter Mary, who is active in the Unitarian Church in Sidmouth. They have a lovely garden and we were their guests at dinner.

Saturday evening found us in the ancient city of Bath. The driving through the English countryside has never been adequately described, even by writers with much more facile pens than mine and much greater literary competency. Winding roads, narrow lanes, lined with luscious hedges—it is all one prolonged, delightful experience of beauty. On the way to Bath we stopped again in Glastonbury and had lunch in the George and Pilgrims Inn, one of the ancient inns of England which has retained its historic charm. Driving on, we visited Welles Cathedral, ancient and historic. Though it poured rain all the afternoon, there were occasional bursts of sunshine, which is typical of English weather. We did not mind it at all, though it did make the driving somewhat hazardous. We arrived in the City of Bath in late evening, but in broad daylight and immediately called our dear friends, the Rev. and Mrs. Spencer, formerly principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and who is now Minister of Trimm Chapel, where I preached the next day. After dinner we strolled about the ancient streets of one of the oldest cities in England and one of the most picturesque. Sunday morning I preached in Trimm Chapel in Bath, to a most inspiring and responsive congregation. Trimm Chapel was built in 1792. The congregation were most hospitable and gracious. It was my first experience preaching in Bath. Before leaving America for England I received a letter from a gentleman who said, "I understand you are going to visit Bath. In Bath is my old school, the Kingswood School. If you have an opportunity I hope you will visit it, meet the headmaster and see the environment in which I spent my early student days." After lunch on the Sunday of my

preaching, we visited Kingswood School. It was beautifully situated on a high bluff, heavily wooded with ancient trees and overlooking magnificent scenery. It was Sunday afternoon and the headmaster was not in. Shortly after entering the grounds, we saw a young student and asked him if he would not take us to the headmaster's office. He was most kind and not only did he take us to the headmaster's office, but he showed us all around the ancient and historic school which was founded by John Wesley. The young man's name was Edmond Wesley Peacock, who is a descendant of John Wesley and whose father is a Methodist Minister in Portsmouth, England. The young student, who was only 15, told us a great deal about the workings of the school and his own plans for his life. He was a very interesting student and I anticipate will add luster to his already distinguished ancestors.

From the school visitation we went to the world famous Roman Bath, after which the city is named and visited the renowned pump room after which our Pump Room in Chicago is named. There is as much difference between the Roman one and ours as there is between day and night. Both are distinguished, but for far different reasons. To visit the actual baths, built and used by the Romans and which have been but slightly altered during the centuries, gives one a sense of history. On the Sunday we spent in Bath, we had the delightful experience of preaching in the ancient church at Trowbridge, England, that Sunday evening, a church which is under the leadership of Mr. Spencer.

Monday of that week found us on our way again, visiting Exeter and its great Cathedral, arriving in time to attend Evensong, hearing one of the most remarkable boy sopranos I have

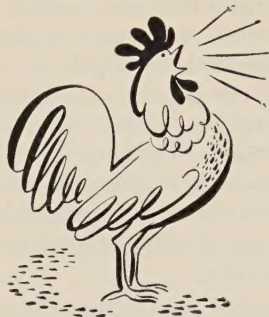
ever heard. Our hotel was located right opposite the cathedral, and seeing it in the night, with the moon sending tremulous shadows of light on its ancient walls, one felt almost as though one was living in another century—history everywhere. The hotel in which we slept goes back to the year 1769. And the ancient clock in the cathedral tower was an hourly reminder of something eternal.

We also visited St. Martin's Church nearby, which goes back to the early 11th century.

On our way from Exeter to Plymouth we went into Cornwall, a part of England I had never seen. On our way to St. Austell we passed over the ancient Dartmoor, bleak and high and barren, windy, rainy, a most unusual locality. We saw several wild horses, hundreds of sheep, and on the top of the moors we left the car and walked still higher, until a fog settled down upon us, and we realized it might be serious, for one could easily become lost on Dartmoor and people frequently have had that experience.

Arriving in the quaint village of St. Austell we went through narrow lanes and winding roads and the last part of the way walked in a secluded path to the lovely summer home of Mr. Francis T. Hearle. Mr. Hearle is the retired chairman of the Board of DeHaviland Aircraft Co., Ltd., and we were fellow passengers on the "Mauretania." His sister, Mrs. White, was visiting him. This was a quaint "hide-out" for resting in the summer. Hidden in a cliff in a former old mill, the ancient millstones constitute a part of the wall. We had tea with them on the terrace which overlooks the channel. It is a quiet, secluded place and we almost wished we could just stay there and enjoy it with them. They

(Continued on page 15)



We're Crowing About
Peoples Church Bazaar
November 14 and 15
941 Lawrence Avenue

Dinners Both Evenings

Cooked by our own women!!!

Chicken—Ham

Dinners served at 6 p.m.

Adults \$1.75

Children 75c



Bring in or send your donation

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Kitchenware
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Canned Goods
Candy

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Cameras
Toys and Dolls
Radios
TV Sets
Quilts
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INVITATION TO LIVE

By Virgil Kraft

If you want to live greatly, if you want an abundance of lasting joy, you need only try to be what the great Master of life advised all of us to be—a servant somewhere. “He who would be great among you,” he said, “must be a servant.”

The servant-role in life is the creative-role, and is the most satisfying. The one principle which practically every psychologist and psychiatrist agree upon is that a person must feel that his life has meaning and value. Most of our daily jobs do not give us this essential feeling. We seem to be nothing but numbered cogs in a big industrial or economic machine. And yet, of course, it is necessary that we continue these jobs, both because of what, in our small way, we are helping to accomplish, and because we do need to earn some money.

There is an institution which can enhance our lives with great meaning and value. It is the church, particularly our church. Here is an institution, most famous and fortunately situated, eager to have you participate in its life-changing fellowship.

The People's Church of Chicago is located near the crossroads of the world, with an opportunity to touch the lives of many important people; and this includes the common worker as well as the big executive.

The story of what this church has done and is getting ready to do could make a stirring drama. And if you are not already a vital part of this drama, you can be!

What thrilling words—*You can be!* There is no person among the thousands who call this church their church home who need say, “I am not worth anything.” This church needs you, and can use you, whether you are young or old, a socialite or a shut-in. *This church can use you.*

Chicagoland Is Our Parish

Since our membership and ministerial services now extend throughout the entire Chicago area, some kind of city-wide parish organization has become necessary. On October 2nd the Pastor's Cabinet voted to divide the area into *Parish Neighborhoods*. Each one of these neighborhood groups will make it easier for our church people to become better acquainted; also they will provide a more effective medium for promoting the interests of the church in their part of the city. An occasional meeting will be held in each neighborhood, and this will give your ministers a chance to meet all of you personally and to discuss important matters with you.

A special committee of the Pastor's Cabinet, consisting of William Berglund, Joan Mason, Frank Mason, Joanne Plett and Ann Kalow are developing the plans for this very important phase of our expanding program.

(See page 10)

GREATNESS THROUGH SERVICE

"He who would be great among you must become a servant."—Jesus

Servanthood is the key to life. Therefore, we want our church to be not only a "fellowship of seekers," but also a "family of servants," each one participating helpfully in the life of the church itself, and, through the church, serving our needy city.

Will you please check the service area or areas which interest you most, and in which you could be active either regularly or occasionally:

Activities

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Ushering | ☐ | Acting | ☐ |
| Visiting— | | Cooking | ☐ |
| the aged | ☐ | Hobby and culture classes | ☐ |
| the sick | ☐ | Helping to Sponsor— | |
| prospective members.. | ☐ | a 'teen-age group | ☐ |
| Teaching— | | recreational activities.. | ☐ |
| Church School | ☐ | home program for | |
| Nursery | ☐ | the shut-ins | ☐ |
| Singing | ☐ | | |

Organizations to Join

- | | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Sunday School | ☐ | Men's Club | ☐ |
| Channing Club— | | Woman's Club | ☐ |
| ages 18-25 | ☐ | Professional and Business | |
| Young Adults— | | Woman's Club | ☐ |
| ages 25-35 | ☐ | Uptown Players | ☐ |
| Couples Club | ☐ | | |

If you are not a member of the church, would you like to be?

Your Name:

Address:

Telephone:

(After checking, please tear this page out and mail to Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

I DO NOT know of a first-rate mind that does not recognize the connection between war and economics. The economic relationship between nations is an important factor. What can we do in this kind of a world to answer the viciousness which is inspired by personal advantage and economic supremacy? I do not think it can be done alone by political organization, no matter how idealistic the organization might be. But there is an area in which more of an impression is being made upon the relations between the peoples of various nations than in any other area.

My nephew over in Michigan has an apple orchard—he's in the orchard business. This summer he had in his home one of the young exchange people of Europe. That young man has worked in his orchard, lived in his home, has eaten at his table, a young German boy who couldn't speak a word of English. He learned considerable. Our family doesn't speak any German. They learned considerable. And that German boy lived with them and was a part of their life this summer, and the pal of my nephew, Carl.

They have spent several weeks together.

Do you think any self-seeking politician or any nationalistic braggadocio will ever make that family hate that boy, or that boy hate that family? No! They know each other. They have shared life together!

All over Europe, in Great Britain and Scandinavia, where we were this past summer, we met myriads of American boys and American girls who were living with Europeans in their homes, participating in activities with them, getting to know them!

All over America this year there were hundreds of European young people who came here through our Exchange Program, who have lived in our homes, shared our life, worked with us, met our young people. They are the hope of the world's peace. Education through understanding and through acquaintanceship, and above all, through sharing!

Most people are judged without being known. If you don't know people you are in a tragic position to judge them. We're doing it now in America today. Let us not forget that Senator

Fulbright comes from Arkansas; and Senator Fulbright has spearheaded the Fulbright Commission for the exchange of college and university students on that level. American Universities and European Universities are filled this Fall with Americans and Europeans studying together, the great fundamental principles of civilization.

Give us ten more years of this pro-

gram and the war-makers of the world will find it difficult to whip the emotions and the passions of the peoples of the world into a position where they can ever again enter the slaughterhouse of human history. They will find it's too late if this program continues ten more years. For appreciation of each other through understanding will do the job.

WE MUST NOT LOSE OUR ENTHUSIASM

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Homecoming and Dedication Service
October 6, 1957

WE ARE, all of us, in danger of losing many things that are precious and valuable and none of us, I think, like to lose anything! It's always an irritating experience to lose something—it is with me and I'm sure it is with you, but there are some things we can afford to lose! Some people can afford to lose a certain type of friendship—certain people who don't do them any good. We can afford to lose money—a lot of people haven't any to lose, but there are people who can afford to lose a lot of money, and they probably might be better people if they did—and might be happier people! We can lose a lot of things in life which would be good for us to lose—but there are some things we ought not to lose, and there are some things that we cannot lose without being penalized, and life would be increasingly barren if we lost them! And it is some of those things that I have in mind to speak to you about during these Sundays in this glorious month of October,—things we mustn't lose by any norm or any standard of values. We could not lose them without deterioration to our-

selves! And when a person loses something which creates self-deterioration that person is becoming unfortified to meet the challenge of our modern world.

I never remember a time when we needed to be more deeply fortified to meet the challenges of the present world than in this moment. This is a different world than I ever knew! I've lived in it a long time, but I've never known anything quite like this—and I don't think you have! But the person who can appreciate the uniqueness and the distinction of these present moments is the person who has lived through other eras and other times! This world has not known a normal year since nineteen hundred and fourteen! That means that forty-three years ago something happened, and everything which has been happening to our world in the sphere of economics, in the area of government, in the field of religion, in the purposes and causes of education—everything which has happened in this world revolving around the last forty years in these areas is completely different. That

means, a young person under forty today—and I've reached the age when I can call people under forty young—a young person under the age of forty today has never known a normal year! Did you ever think of that? Not a high school student in this country today has ever known anything which approximates normalcy! It's been an abnormal hour every moment of their lives.

I looked into the faces of several hundred school teachers of the State of Illinois in Harrisburg and Taylorville and Normal this past week and those teachers were all concerned, as all of us are concerned, about what is happening. And I said to them that those youngsters to whom you are teaching the solution of the problems of life and the advantages of education never knew the kind of a year or the kind of a world or the kind of people that I knew or that were here when this church was dedicated thirty-one years ago today! It's different! A different atmosphere, different psychology—a different attitude everywhere! I don't know any word that expresses it more accurately than the word "confusion"—this is a confused hour. Everyone is confused about almost everything. They're confused about religion; they're confused about education; they're confused about the processes of government; they're confused on the race question; they're confused in the area of international relations; they're confused in science—science is confused—we're all confused! And I'm going to speak on this confusion this week in California. I'm leaving after this service for Los Angeles and, on my way back, will speak in Denver. And out there upon the West Coast this week I'm going to face large numbers of confused people. Confusion!

Right in the midst of the confusion,

there are some things that we must not lose. And the thing which has our attention this morning is *we must not lose our enthusiasm*. Now I do not mean the kind of enthusiasm that deepens into fanaticism. There is a danger line here! We must not permit our enthusiasms for anything to lead us into the treacherous way of fanaticism, for the fanatic has no contribution to make to the confusion of this hour—he only adds to the confusion! He solves nothing! And the fanatic is always a person with a closed mind! I've never known a person yet who could, with accuracy, be described as a fanatic who didn't possess a closed mind! His mind is closed, and he surrounds himself with an irritating dogmatism that says to people: "Believe this, or believe that! Accept this church or accept that; this theology or that theology; this philosophy of government; this idea of ethics or morality—or you're doomed!" And with a sense of finality they enter into the border line of fanaticism!

I do not mean that kind of thing at all, but I mean a deep inner glow which, in spite of anything that happens to you, no experience can quite put out! I mean being so creatively in love with life and with mankind and with beauty and with goodness and the adventure of finding out truth, that that inner glow can never be put out by any experience which will happen to you; that there will always be an enthusiasm burning brightly on the inner altar of your life, the true enthusiasm which says: "Yes!" to life and not "No!"; the true enthusiasm that is not concerned with explaining the tragedy and the foibles of humanity on the basis of any kind of existentialism—a philosophy which has been sweeping the world, and existentialism always says: "No!" to life

—but the true inner glow of the person who still recognizes the potentiality of humanity to be something other than what it is and never permits the glow of that possibility to dampen their ardor, to distort their vision or to corrupt their reasoning, but who always says: “Yes!” to life! That person has a basic enthusiasm which usually expresses itself in the quality of its loyalty; has caught the vision of the far off hills; has seen the beauty and the excellency in the perfect life of the Galilean, and has a norm by which humanity could get out of its troubles and solve its problems; retains an enthusiasm of devotion to the potentiality of man—that’s the kind of enthusiasm I mean! That’s the kind of enthusiasm that, when it exists in the human consciousness, transforms the whole area of a person’s influence!

That’s why you gravitate toward some personalities and can’t tolerate others! That’s why the negative individual always responds by illness and trouble and disaster that comes centering into their lives—they have no fortification, through a deep-seated enthusiasm, that life can be better and can be different! And it’s spoiling the world! Creative people are always attractive; positive people are always attractive! People who are aglow and saying: “It can be done! We can do it for our church; we can do it for our cause; we can do it for our dreams!”—the creatively enthusiastic are the people who are contributing to the solution of the problems of this world, and it is done upon the basis of that creative enthusiasm!

When I look out upon the world of science and see how it is the handmaiden of the cold war of the world, and all of the world is following at this moment a man-made moon which is going around the earth—a hundred

and forty-eight pounds is all it weighs and twenty-three inches across in circumference—but the whole world is looking for it! I’ll probably be looking for it myself this afternoon on my way to Los Angeles—between you and me I hope we don’t meet it—but the whole world is looking for a man-made moon! I’m wondering why!

I’m wondering why the enthusiasm that man with his science is able to make a moon whose orbit will go round man’s little earth! What is it all? Ladies and gentlemen, on last analysis it is all a part of the tragedy of cold war! It may have as its excuse the Geophysical Year and the contributions of science, but I wonder why! If man would only spend his time, his intellect and his money in trying to help man, rather than become a competitor of God in making moons to go round the earth—for all this means nothing, finally, nothing! He can not only make a moon, he can make a sun, I suppose! He will look into the face of the Creator and say: “You are a back-number, God! We’ve taken the universe out of Your hands!” Isn’t it a strange paradox that man can fly better than the birds; he can go under the sea better than the fishes—but he hasn’t yet learned how to walk like a man! He can fly like birds and swim like fishes, but he can’t live together in dignity, in greatness and in peace! Give me half the money you’re spending to send a rocket to the moon, my government, half of it—to use in the field of human relations to raise the standard of man’s mentality on earth until he learns the fundamentals of living together in peace and dignity! Give me half of it and I will do more for the future of the world than all the man-made rockets or missiles that the mind of man can conceive! Therefore I think the time has arrived when institutions

like ours, that are trying to do this very thing, should be encouraged and helped. The time has arrived when every person who believes in this approach and in this attitude should say: "I want to share in maintaining an institution and a building which will

reflect that dignity and that glory!" We can't afford to lose that! If we do, all hell will break loose in our world—and it's nearer to breaking loose than a lot of people seem to think! It is not too late!

Along the Way

(Continued from page 7)

are most companionable, interesting and gracious people. The home nestles against the rocks, the restless sea just below them, and the quietness of the undisturbed countryside all around, far removed from the clutter and din of the world. The few hours we spent with them enriched our lives and we shall never forget St. Austell in Cornwall.

From St. Austell we drove to the ancient city of Plymouth, from which the "Mayflower II" sailed but a few weeks before. Our hotel was right on the water's edge, overlooking the harbor of Plymouth. Both the "Mayflowers" sailed from this harbor. We walked around the historic waterfront until late evening, and even though we were both a bit weary, we realized the ancient stones on which we were walking echoed the feet of the Pilgrim Fathers, while in recent years the port played such a prominent part in two World Wars.

From Plymouth we drove direct to Southampton, which is about 170 miles, good weather all the way and fine, open highways. We stopped at Old Exeter again and had lunch in Dorchester and then on to Winchester Cathedral. I wanted June to see Winchester for many reasons, for it is one of the most ancient and one of the most historic cathedrals, but primarily because Izaak Walton is buried under one of the side altars. We spent some

time in the cathedral, lingering long and silently at the grave of Izaak Walton. These experiences give one a deeper appreciation of personalities and of history than it is possible to receive in any other way.

It is not far from Winchester to Southampton. We had long arranged to spend our last night in England at the Polygon in Southampton, from which city we sailed on the "Queen Elizabeth" the next morning. When we arrived at the Polygon Hotel in Southampton, we found that the representative of the Ryan Motor Agency in London, from whom we had rented the car was already there to drive the car back to London. Our speedometer showed we had driven 675 miles since Friday, through the loveliest part of England: Dorset, Surrey, Devon, Hampshire—all one beautiful garden. That evening for dinner we had as our guests, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnston, the former Chief Engineer of the "Mauretania," with whom we had made many a voyage. We had long been friends of Mr. Johnston but this was our first opportunity of meeting his charming, delightful, vivacious wife. Accompanying them was Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their daughter.

The Rev. Mr. Grieve came down from London to see us on the ship, as did Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their delightful daughter. Mr. Williams succeeded Mr. Johnston as Chief Engineer of the "Mauretania" and last February we had gone out to the West Indies with Mr. Williams, a most enjoyable

and interesting man, interested not only in his profession as a marine engineer, but in travel and literature as well. We spent a most delightful evening. They all accompanied us about 11 o'clock at night to the "Queen Elizabeth" where our goodbyes were said. Miss Virginia Arms of Chicago, who had shared part of the journey with us joined us on the "Elizabeth" for the homeward journey.

It was very quiet on the "Elizabeth" the night before sailing, for the steamer trains did not come down from London till the next morning, but by the time they arrived we were thoroughly at home. Our luggage had been unpacked in our room and we were already prepared for the Atlantic voyage.

The next morning the mighty, thundering blast of the ship's siren said that we were soon to leave for America and home.

One of the most thrilling moments we had during the whole past summer was the night we boarded the "Queen Elizabeth" in Southampton, to learn that the Queen's yacht, the "Britannia," with the Queen and Prince Philip on board, was to sail from a pier near where we were, on their way to the Jersey Islands. We went aft on the "Queen Elizabeth" and saw the yacht ablaze with light, with the Queen and the Prince standing on the bridge. It was a thrilling moment. We could hear the band playing on the royal yacht. Our own ship, the mighty "Queen Elizabeth," named after the present Queen's mother, saluted her as the

"Britannia" slowly steamed past our stern. These are the moments that linger with one long after they have passed.

So it was homeward bound, facing the winter and the work which is before us we hope more effectively because we have had the experiences of the past summer. One's appreciation for one's own country, hearth and kin is deepened by knowing other peoples in other countries. It is not that you love them less, but you love your own more.

* * *

We are about to enter the holiday season of the year. Thanksgiving Day is just around the corner and with it, at 11 o'clock, our beautiful Community Thanksgiving service; then comes, with all of its joy and work and anxiety and fervor, the holiday season and then the New Year. Let us all enter into this season with a renewal of energy and interest, that our church and our work will increasingly contribute to the well-being of mankind.

I would very much like your reactions through letters or cards to the change of hour of our church broadcast. Remember we are on WAIT, 820 on your dial, every Sunday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock. We are on a broadcast from WBBM at 7:30 in the morning and on WCFL with our Vesper broadcast at 5:45 in the afternoon.

With appreciation for all you do and for what you mean to me and our church—goodbye until next month.



BOOK CHATS

AN enormous debt of gratitude is due to Carl Sandburg's editor, Catherine McCarthy, for sug-

gesting the general scheme for the recent publication, *The Sandburg Range*. She then worked in close col-

laboration with the author and the author's wife, Paula Sandburg, in compiling the selections from his works which are in this book which will be so precious to his thousands of admirers and friends. One will want to preserve the jacket in all its beauty, for the drawing by William A. Smith fits so perfectly into these words on the jacket: "The vibrant, mighty sweep of the great American writer, Carl Sandburg, renowned as poet, Lincoln biographer, historian, novelist, troubadour, autobiographer, and storyteller for children—THE SANDBURG RANGE—The first representative selection from his entire work." Any description that might be given of Carl Sandburg by his closest friend could not better describe his vibrant, powerful personality than does this jacket drawing.

The Sandburg Range as covered in this one volume is a representative selection from the entire work of one of America's most distinguished and beloved writers. Every aspect of his notable literary career is covered and a satisfying reading experience is provided within each phase. This one volume will enable the reader who comes fresh to Carl Sandburg to discover at once the remarkable scope of a major writer of our time and will be treasured by his old friends for its new items and new treatment of long-time favorites.

From the autobiography *Always the Young Strangers* a sketch of the young Carl Sandburg growing up in an Illinois prairie town has been culled. A compact story of the American Dream is drawn out of the novel *Remembrance Rock*, by following the main fictional characters living through each turbulent period of our history.

Many poems appear in the children's section, together with six of the Rootabaga stories and two new stories, "The Five Marvelous Pretzels" and "Three

Nice Mice." There are selections of poems from *Chicago Poems* (1916) and the six volumes of verse that followed, to which ten new poems have been added.

There are sixteen pages of photographs of Carl Sandburg and his family, all done by Edward Steichen, Mrs. Sandburg's famous photographer-brother. The biography and history section opens with a memoir of Edward Steichen from *Steichen the Photographer*. This is followed by the Oliver Barrett story from *Lincoln Collector*. A portrait of Lincoln the Man is carved from the massive six-volume *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years and The War Years*. Interwoven in this is a chapter from *Mary Lincoln: Wife and Widow!* "A Lincoln Preface" is here presented to the general reader for the first time.

We who are proud of America, and love Carl Sandburg will want to own this book.

* * *

I opened a little book out of curiosity—the title, "Meet More People—Have More Fun." Faith Perkins, the author, is a well-known columnist of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin. We are told that her varied experiences in the past and the many people she has known have all helped prepare her to do this book. It is a very helpful book to read; it is specific and understanding; it is a guide in a world which is changing so rapidly that it is sometimes difficult for anyone not to suffer from loneliness. It is cheerful, entertaining, well written, and an interesting guide for all who want to find ways, some new and some old, to a fuller, happier life—through making more friends and having more fun.

You will find out how to be an outgoing person, overcoming shyness and meeting strangers and making friends easily. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES WILL OPEN

NOVEMBER 3, 1957-7:00 O'CLOCK

The first Sunday evening service will be devoted to the theme

"FREEDOM WILL NOT DIE"

It will be a memorial evening to Czechoslovakia and Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, the first President of the Republic. Czech Societies and organizations in Chicago are co-operating and the music will be furnished by the internationally famous Lira Men's Chorus. Dr. Bradley has visited Czechoslovakia and will speak.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH

Nov. 6, "The Hidden Persuaders" by Vance Packard.....8:00 .m.

* * *

THANKSGIVING DAY-COMMUNITY SERVICE

Thursday, November 28th.....11:00 a.m.



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By **ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

SUPPOSING you were a tiny little woman, 88 years old, living in a great big house of nine rooms, in a town of 100,000 people. Supposing you had a great big yard that you and your husband had loved and worked in together for years. But now you are all alone in that house, because 8 or 10 years ago, the husband passed on. What do you think would happen to your personality?

This is the way I happened to meet Mrs. G. L. (Nellie) Spence, of Decatur, Illinois: one Sunday in church someone told me that Mrs. Spence of Decatur, Ill., wanted to see me after church. She was a very modest, sweet little lady. She said she always came out to Dr. Bradley's church when she came to Chicago; that she always contributed to our Bazaar and subscribed to our Liberalist; that she had read The Radio Mailbag and wanted to meet me. Wasn't that a lovely way to

introduce herself? She didn't come to town, walk into the church and solemnly walk out again without speaking to anyone. She didn't wait for anyone to speak to her. She spoke to someone and showed an interest in the church, the Bazaar, the Liberalist, and even to the writer of The Radio Mailbag in the Liberalist. Nellie Spence is an outgoing person!

From then on we have corresponded—not often, but occasionally, as time permits with each of us. Year before last Nellie Spence came in to the meeting of the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star. She came in two days ahead, so as to come out to The Peoples Church on Sunday and hear and see Dr. Bradley. (She came in last year too, but I was out of town.) She had listened to him for years—back when he was on WGN every weekday night. She wanted to see and hear him in person. She wrote me she was coming

in town and we arranged to meet for dinner at the McCormick "Y" on Dearborn Street. I learned that for 55 years Nellie Spence hadn't missed one of those meetings of the Grand Chapter.

Last Sunday (I am writing this on October 16th) I had an opportunity to visit her at her home in Decatur, Illinois. I had written her I would be down, would be staying at the Orlando Hotel, attending a Leadership Training Conference of the Dale Carnegie Club International. I had asked her if she could meet me there for dinner on Sunday.

I was waiting in the lobby and saw an elderly lady just entering the dining room, and because I had not seen Mrs. Spence for a couple of years I thought perhaps she might be using a cane, as this lady was doing. However, I decided it was not she.

Indeed it was not she. Suddenly I saw her, slim, straight and sprightly as a young girl, walking toward the center of the lobby from the front door. Not that I thought it was Nellie Spence! She walked faster than I usually walk, full of purpose and vitality; she was dressed in a pretty bright blue knitted dress, with a becoming mink cape on her shoulders and a pretty little black and white hat. I couldn't believe it was Mrs. Spence, for she just couldn't be a day over 65. Then she smiled and walked toward me and I knew that miracles do happen and it was a woman of 88 years, but so young in heart and so out-going in spirit that years just didn't tell on her.

Later she took me by cab to her home, which she had had freshly painted a pretty deep ivory, with a green porch. Next she was planning to get the storm windows on. I asked to look at her yard about which she had written me, and the dogwood tree. A deep yard, with a winding brick path,

a well, now closed, but with a stone wall and iron grillwork from which the bucket had hung; lovely old bushes with names quite unfamiliar to me, some of them planted 51 years ago when she and Mr. Spence had built the house. A beautiful hard maple tree in front of the house and a tall soft maple at the back (she told me she and the hard maple had grown up together), gave an air of stability and permanence to this home which had been a home for all these years. One could sense why Nellie Spence still lives in this house which is now too big for her needs, but which is a home with capital letters and all that the word connotes.

Mrs. Spence said she missed her husband when working in the big yard, for after he retired they worked together in that garden for some ten years. She spoke, too, of missing Mae Ferguson, to whom she started to correspond a few years before Miss Ferguson's passing (that dear little lady who for 51 years was bedridden and who had so many pen pals).

Mrs. Spence prepared a little evening tea for me, then took me by cab to the train, and saw me aboard; a gracious, charming and interesting hostess, who could teach many a woman 20 and 40 years her junior how to enjoy life.

She walks twelve blocks to church every Sunday, and sometimes a dear little redbird she feeds all winter long follows her nearly to church. She is a hard worker in the First Methodist Church of Decatur, Illinois and last year served on the social committee which served refreshments to the Senior Group of "elderly folks" that meets regularly in their church.

She has lived in Decatur for 75 years and all her life gone to this M. E. Church. Her great regret was that when Dr. Bradley spoke to the Men's

Club there, which he is to do this evening, October 16th, she would not be able to hear him because it was a night for men only. She still thought she might see if they would let her put a chair just inside the door and listen.

Ladies in middle life, let us all take heed of this lovely young little 88-year-old!

When I went to work Monday morning, on my desk was a package from Decatur. I opened it and there were the three pair of little bootees which Nellie Spence knits each year for the Bazaar and which first-comers will find at the Professional and Business Woman's Club booth at the Bazaar. Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was with great pleasure that I attended your opening service in person. After listening over the radio to your sermons for several years, I decided to attend the service and see for myself what the church and Dr. Bradley looked like.

The first impression I got was the warmth with which everybody greeted a visitor. The second was the beauty of the edifice and the spirit of fellowship which seemed to prevail. The service was just beautiful and leaves a lasting memory.

Enclosed is my check, a part of which is for a subscription to The Liberalist, and the remainder for the general fund.

More power to Dr. Bradley and The Peoples Church.

Cordially yours,
John Schutte, Holland, Mich.

* * *

Dear Cousin Preston:

You will be surprised to hear from me again.

I wanted you to know how very much I enjoyed your radio broadcast this evening. True, we all must grow old. I trust I have mellowed with the years—nearly seventy.

Preston, it was grand to hear you speak. Only by accident did I get Chicago. In my kitchen there is a small cupboard right over my sink. Bruce installed a radio in the cupboard, saying, "Mother, now you can have some enjoyment while you work."

I was washing my dishes and thought I had London tuned in. Imagine my surprise when the announcer said, "The next voice you hear will be that of Dr. Preston Bradley." I called Valma, also a friend, and told them to listen, too. My friend, with whom I am going to spend the evening, she, too, is a widow. Her husband had just been pensioned from the Royal Bank about a year when he passed on. She called to say how much she enjoyed you and would certainly be listening next week.

I attended church this morning. I sit in the pew our grandparents sat in, many years ago.

Trusting you will be spared many more years, to preach many more sermons and radio addresses, I am, sincerely,

Your cousin,
Letitia Polden, Norwich, Ontario

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Please accept the enclosed money order as our offering.

We were glad to hear your anniversary dinner was a great success; and our hopes are that there will be many more. This world needs men like you.

We were sorry to hear of the passing of Mr. Harrison. We remember meeting him many years ago. That day we called at the church office to purchase tickets for another anniversary—your 25th. Mr. Harrison that day showed us the church and made us feel at home. Very shortly before his passing we received a postal card from him in answer to a letter received from us. We feel sure he will be missed. We would

like to visit your church but it is rather far and we are well along in years. We always attend your morning services by radio and like it.

With best wishes for a good year for you and yours and the church, we are,

Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Meindenma,
Berwyn, Ills.

* * *

Dear Peoples Church:

Have heard you the past two Sundays; comes in very plain and I am thankful. Have heard Dr. Bradley for so many years and he has helped so much. Couldn't think of having a Sunday without him. I had an accident 8 years ago and am on crutches, a shut-in, more or less, and alone, so you know how much he and the church mean to me. Enclosed is my check for The Liberalist, another MUST in my life. Have had it for a long time and look forward to it.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Margaret Blumrich,
Muskegon, Mich.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a few words to express sincere appreciation to you for your presence here in St. Charles on Mr. Baker's 89th birthday. He was indeed a happy and proud man and I cannot begin to tell you how deeply he appreciated your visit in his apartment and your very fine remarks at the Baker Park dedication program.

I sincerely believe that this was one of the highlights of Mr. Baker's life and Tuesday morning when I paid him an early visit he mentioned that it was the happiest birthday he has ever celebrated.

I only wish that you and your secretary, Mrs. Harrison, could have stayed for the Baker Recognition Ban-

quet which followed the ceremony, but fully realize your close schedule. Please remember a warm welcome always awaits you at the Hotel Baker whenever you have occasion to be in the St. Charles area.

Again, our sincere gratitude to you for helping to make Mr. Baker's birthday such a memorable one for him.

Sincerely and cordially,

R. D. Ziegler, General Mgr.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Welcome back home after your busy summer in Europe.

We are enclosing for you the photographs taken at the time of our marriage on April 14, 1957, at the Peoples Church. I don't suppose we have the distinction of being the first Japanese couple to be married by you, but possibly we may be the first Japanese from Hawaii.

Anyway we were certainly honored and happy to have you perform the ceremony, and you will always be our favorite minister and friend. Thank you again.

Our best wishes to Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Harrison.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Shigeo Oshita.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a line to tell you that I heard your broadcast last Sunday over WAIT, and to express my appreciation for your return to the air. I received your Opening Church Letter, otherwise I would not have known when and where to tune in.

I am enclosing an offering. I hope you have a happy and successful year.

In appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

Miss Katherine Willmert.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENT LIST

SEPTEMBER

- 14—Wedding.
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
- 15—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcast at 1:00 p.m. WAIT
Address. Travel Club, Washington YMCA.
- 24—Study Conference.
Address. Opening Meeting, Men's Club, Peoples Church.
- 16—Conference WBBM.
Address. Chicago Area Liberal Minister's Association, YMCA.
- 25—Conference, WBBM.
Address. Opening Community Chest Drive, Chicago Screw Co., Bellwood, Illinois.
Address. Opening meeting, Professional and Business Woman's Club, Lewis Towers.
- 17—Address. Lincoln-Belmont Lion's Club, YMCA.
Funeral.
Reception to Mrs. Herbert L. Stern, Max Siegel's Book Shop.
- 26—Wedding.
Luncheon, Officers, I.W.L.A., Bismarck Hotel.
- 18—Address. Women's Court and Civic Assoc., YWCA, Milwaukee.
- 27—Funeral.
- 19—Two funerals.
Address. Opening Meeting, Friends of Literature, Art Institute.
- 28—Ground Breaking Ceremonies, Chicago Foundling's Home with Dr. Karl Meyer and Mayor Daley.
Address. Board of Directors, I.W.L.A., Hotel LaSalle.
- 21—Two weddings.
- 29—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Meeting, Chicago Fellowship Club, Chicago Police Dept.
- 22—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. Greater Bethesda Church.
- 30—Two funerals.
Address. Dinner, honoring Dr. Karl Meyer and Chicago Foundling's Home
- 23—Address. 75th Anniversary Amalgamated Lithographers of America. Congress Hotel.
Address. Opening Luncheon, Woman's Club, Peoples Church.

FUNERALS

- 17—Mrs. Herbert Lothe
27—Mrs. Elizabeth T. Day
- 19—Mrs. Henrietta Wylie
30—Mrs. Mary Rogers Ryan
Mr. Charles S. Bly
Edward Pecival

WEDDINGS

- 14—Eva Likowa and Jan Baca
21—Dorie Deare and Charles Stordeur
- 21—Diane Havorka and Donald Carlson
26—Catherine Bell and Robert E. Wehrwein

CHISTENINGS

- 15—Donald Eugene Jones, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Eugene Jones.
22—Dean Duane DuPlacey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert DuPlacey.
- Joan Robin Brownridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Robert Brownridge.
29—Wayne Bergmann, son of Mr. and Mrs. Erik Bergmann.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School, Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.....	9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Broadcast, WBBM.....	7:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service.....	11:00 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service Broadcast, WAIT.....	1:00 p.m.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL.....	5:45 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service, November to Easter.....	7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, November to Easter, 1st Weds. of month....	8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, Nov. 11, Annual Donation Tea, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chairman. Mrs. Curtis F. Proud will show colored slides of the Holy Land and environs. Guest artist, Richard Best, basso. Admission by gift to Bazaar.....	1:00 p.m.
Thursday, Nov. 14 and Friday, Nov. 15—Peoples Church Bazaar. Bring your family and your friends; dinners both evenings. \$1.75. Many booths, magnificent prizes; contributions being received from now to Bazaar dates by Mrs. Harry D. Stone, Chrm., RAvenswood 8-7912.....	6:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club.....	4:00 p.m.
Sunday, November 10, Donation Tea, Anderson Hall. Program by Miss Lucile Keve of Chicago Camera Club; Colored slides including the French Quarter, New Orleans; and other shots of her choosing. Admission by gift to the Bazaar. Music by Arwin Schweig and Madeline Jacobson.	
Men's Club—Tues., Nov. 26, Open Meeting (ladies invited).....	8:00 p.m.
presenting Rev. Louis Raymond, Humorist and Balladier of Folk Songs. The Rev. Raymond is Minister of the 1st Presbyterian Church of Rogers Park; also color film, "Songs of Stephen Foster."	
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, <i>In Memoriam</i> .	
Channing Club for young adults, first and third Sundays	8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed	9:30 p.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.	
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave.	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....	3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....	3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule Every Sunday

WBBM—"Words and Music"—Dr. Bradley and Peoples Church Choir.....	7:30 a.m.
WAIT—Church Service Broadcast.....	1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast.....	5:45 p.m.

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909 Gunnison St. (40)

Mrs. Chas. Tabor Randall, Treas.

6254 N. Bell Ave. (45)

Directors

Miss Edith Anderberg, Mrs. Roy H. Monson,

Mrs. Frank Bryan, Mrs. W. L. Jones and

Mrs. Harry D. Stone.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

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4451 W. Montana St. (39)

Miss Ethel Robinson, Vice-President

5442 N. Winthrop Ave. (40)

Miss Joanne Plett, Treasurer

911 W. Carmen Ave. (40) Apt. F-1

Mrs. Ann McPhail, Rec. Sec.

4157 N. Clarendon Ave. (13)

Miss Gloria Helmick, Corr. Sec.

428 W. Arlington Pl. (14)

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2538 W. Sunnyside Ave. (25)

Mr. Harlow D. Stevens, Vice-Pres.

624 Oakton St., Evanston, Ill.

Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Secretary

2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25)

Mr. G. E. Vail, Treasurer

7746 N. Haskins Ave. (26)

Mr. Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director

In Memoriam

CHANNING CLUB

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Barbara Sison, Vice-President

1263 Leland Ave. (40)

Don Ruden, Secretary

4750 Clarendon Ave., (40) Apt. 306

Sandra Neubauer, Treasurer

5318 N. Central Ave. (30)

SENIOR GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 97

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader

4249 N. Greenview (13)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Leader, Apt. F-1,

911 Carmen Ave. (40)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Kenneth Hudson, Leader

4531 N. Greenview (40)

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Michael Krauvic, Leader

931 Lakeside Ave. (40)